

"Let me reckon," he replied, thoughtfully counting his stubby fingers—"four threepunces is two sixpunces, twice two's four, and ought's ought,—you boards me of course,—now, how about the vittles?"

"Oh! I promise to feed you well," said Mary, with a smile.

"It ain't that," Mr. Jibb condescended to explain, "you knows I'm a Hinglishman, and I'm proud o' being a Hinglishman, I think Hingland beats all the countries in this yer world. I likes liberty; one man's as good as another, I say, but a Hinglishman is a deal better; I allays stick to that. Muster Crutch he says to me, says he 'It's your doofy to give to your poor neighbours;' says I 'If I likes to give I'll give, and if I don't I won't.' Them's my sentiments, and I'm a Hinglishman, none o' your dirty Irish,"—here he looked at Robert—"and I must be sarved as sich. What I wants to know is *this*, do you keep two tables or *one*, that's what I asks?"

"I keep two tables," replied Miss Paxton, "you would not have your meals with me."

"Then there's a hend," said Mr. Jibb, with a wave of his brown arm, "I works for no fine lady as wun't sit to her vittles w' me."

"Then I'll wish you good evening," said Mary, with a broad smile and a slight bend of the head; a courtesy which he in no way returned, and as they turned away, leaving him to enjoy his liberty, a shrill, female voice called from within "Supper's ready, old man, come and hev the pudden while it's 'ot."

"He's a rude, rough gem, deny it who can," said Robert, laughing merrily, and they soon forgot him, much sooner than he forgot them, for he thought of them all the evening and congratulated himself with many a chuckle upon telling "that fine lady what he thought on her."

"You are grave and still, Robert," said Mary, after a long silence, "what are you thinking of—may I know?"

"I was thinking of the old master, how we had parted for a long time, and were each beginning a happy, new life. His death gives me a solemn feeling, it stills my joy in being under your roof; I am glad past telling to be with you, yet sad that the old life is over and gone by forever. I can't but pity the old master, lying there in his fresh grave, while I have so much that I longed for before me, and my heart is too full between joy and sorrow."